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HAS NOW IN STOCK A VERY LARGE
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HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Plaster's Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
(17 Jan 1-1885)

Edward Laurent,
ARCHITECT
No. 28 PUBLIC SQUARE,
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after nat-
ural ones are extracted, by
R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS.
Over Jones & Co's Store,
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.
Jan 1-31-17

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you
make it tell a sweeter tale?
Magnolia Balm is the charm-
er that almost cheats the
looking-glass.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of
man and beast need a cooling
lotion. Mustard Liniment.

Have used Tongaline in cases of
neuralgic headaches with success in
almost every instance, although some
of these were of long standing and of
most troublesome character.
O. D. Norton, M. D. Cincinnati, O.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.
Of all the tender and comfortable things
that now attract the eye and heart,
there is nothing dearer than the old
house. The old-fashioned house with its white
washed walls.

Not a mansion today, though a marvel of
art.
Can ever usurp its place in the heart.
For there its earliest prayers were said,
And it slept at night in a tranquil bed.

"Nestle's cradle" reaching from foot to chin,
By a mother's hand tucked gently in,
On a good night's sleep, and a sweet dream,
O, earth holds no such blessing now!

The garden was fragrant in flower-beds
Where marigolds lifted their velvet heads,
And warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew,
The lilies and the roses grew.
In the river that curved like a shepherd's
crook.

We labored for ourselves with bent backs
Or with little bare feet oft waded through,
And bravely paddled our own canoe.
'Twas a home of welcome no one could
doubt.

Whose late string hung invitingly out;
And many a stranger supped at its board.
While blazing logs in the chimney reared.
O, this is an age of reform and change!
And things realistic, modern and strange—
Improvements that savor of silver and
gold—
Are superseding the cherished and old.

But I turn from palaces built for show
To the old-fashioned house with its white
washed walls.
—Denton Budget.

BLEEDING HEARTS.
Kate's Novel—A Romance in One
Act and Two Scenes.

Two girls burst into the library of
E. Seminary, and, finding it appar-
ently empty, the elder began: "I just
hate her, so there! Spiteful old thing!
She's just jealous of us girls. Never
wants us to have a bit of fun. Never
had a bean in her life. I know, except
old Dr. Stone, and he's dead as a post,
has buried three wives already, and
only wants her for a nurse and governess
for his ten brats, half of 'em twins. I do
believe! She's too sharp for that,
though. Catch her! Wants one of the
Professors over at the college; that's
why she's so cross about our running
off with the juniors last night before
last for a sleigh-ride. Think she'll
please President Foster, and all that. Never
mind. Cud! Brother Will said he'd
come over to-night, and when he pulls
a string tied to a nail that ticks on my
window, I'll slip out and amble home
in my water-proof. We'll fix a
nice place in the closet to hide him if
any one comes, and we'll just have the
jolliest time! He'll bring a can of
oysters, and we'll eat 'em raw with
pickles and crackers. You hide some
salt and pepper in your apron pocket
at supper, and we've a dipper,
and a tin cup, and a vase that'll
do for soup dishes. Now, let's laugh
in our sleeves at the old snap-dragon,
and she can't help herself. Now, Cud, don't
cry. If there's anything I hate it's a
cry-baby. Just as if girls at boarding-
school hadn't had just such times over
and over again, and actually lived
through them before our day. For my
part, I told Uncle Tom if he sent me
back here I'd do just as I pleased, and
they might send me home in disgrace
as often as the fit was on. I'm going
to have a good time. I've a postoffice
under a flat stone in the corner of the
grounds, and I get lots of letters from
the boys up at the Commercial. Last
Christmas, when you and the Old Cat
were off for holidays, I played sick
so as not to go to service. Then I
rolled up some blankets, dressed them
in my wrapper, laid them in the bed,
and paid Nora a dollar to pretend every
time any one asked for me that I was
asleep and must not be disturbed. Then
I slipped out and went off with Brother
Will to Excelsior after the gayest hour
in a bit of outer that fairly flew. We
went to the hotel, and asked all over
town for a minister, just to make him
we had run away to be married. Why
I should die in this poky old sem
if Will didn't know all the boys and
help me out? Thus the wild girl rattled
on until her companion's eyes were fairly
dried and laughter again. But the
teacher, who sat in the curtained
recess of a deep window, an unwilling
listener to this daring recital, grew
gradually more grave and serious, and
when the bold, confident voice rang
out with:

"Of course, she was never in love as
you and Will are. What does she know
about love? Why Will would just tell
you. He fairly worships your very
shoe-bottoms, and all that sort of thing.
He would, right away and go into a
decline if you refused to see him. It
would kill him, I know it would. He
is so affectionate and so sensitive! But
she makes you think it's wicked to be
in love, to love deeply and truly, and
to be bitter end. But I know better!"

As these words fell upon the listener's
ear the hands pressed up before the eyes,
merely resting lightly at first upon the
level brows, then gradually pressing
more and more closely upon the
right and left, while one by one the
tears stole down and fell
upon the soft, gray fabric of the
teacher's dress. She thought of one
she knew so long ago, of the love-story
she had lived, and sorely knew, and
it had vanished in the morning of her
life, and left her pale, forlorn and lonely,
a stranded wreck upon the shore of
time. It had indeed been a sore task to
pick up the broken remnants of what once
had been a gallant career and hold fast
upon a henchman's trackless sea. To-
day was an anniversary. She remem-
bered and she kept it. Without it was
snowing wildly, and the bare boughs of
the trees shivered angrily against each
other, sometimes rocking in the mad
blast until they tapped with icy fingers
against the window-panes. She had
been on chiding these two girls, and justly,
for letting themselves out of a window
with two sheets, and joining a pair of
boys from a neighboring college in a
midnight sleigh-ride; said boys having
sworn Deacon Potter's horses and
sleigh, without permission. "Just to
show the old fellow what we can do,"
said saucy Will Carney. But, although
it was not mentioned, the lecture was
less severe and the teacher's opinion of
the girls' escapade was very, very dif-
ferent indeed from the fact that the
party had kept together and that two
of the quartet were brother and sister.

Indeed Kate Carney, the defiant
school-girl had been sent home so often
that the faculty had seriously debated
the necessity of refusing her readmis-
sion in November after her suspension
in October, but Miss Chesterfield had
stoutly pleaded for her. She had ar-
gued thus: "The girl has no mother,

Turned loose to hotel life, I should feel
personally responsible if harm came to
her just now. She is warm-hearted,
trustful and without a thought of evil.
It might be much worse. Try her once
more, and let me take all the care and
responsibility. Tell her guard in this.
I may not succeed; but, with your per-
mission, I will try."

So Kate had returned, and as a pun-
ishment for her transgressions her
uncle Tom had kept her at the insti-
tution during the Christmas holidays.
Miss Chesterfield's vigilance had been
so far rewarded. Only these two flag-
rant breaches of discipline had oc-
curred: Once during the Christmas
holidays, when Miss Chesterfield was
away, and the other the moonlight
sleigh-ride, both the result of harmless
high spirits. These had only com-
promised herself and her room-mate,
whereas, during her first two years at
the seminary she had not only been in
constant trouble herself, but on each
occasion managed to draw in with her
from six to a dozen companions and as
many college lads.

As the teacher sat there in the win-
dow, the tears trickling through her
fingers, she did not hear the door close
after Caroline as she tripped lightly
out. She forgot that it was cold; forgot
that it was winter; forgot the necessity
for prompt action, and seemed to be
sitting for that last time on the door-
steps at home in his favorite rose-tinted
dress, with the soft, white cashmere
wrap living across her shoulders, her
golden hair pressed smoothly down
upon her cheek and gathered up in
shining braids behind, after the fashion
of the day, a fashion that her dear, dead
mother's hand knew so well how to ad-
just. Another sat beside her, and into
his dark eyes she dared not look. They
had been very silent. And then he
raised with tender touch the spray of
"bleeding hearts" that had fastened at
her throat, and said: "The Indians
wear the hair of their victims fastened
to their belts, you carry the heart of
yours slung at your breast-pin." Next
he rose, laid a reverent hand upon her
shining head (it did shine then) and
said: "Farewell!" adding, "Ruth, you
have never kissed me. Will you kiss
me now just one good-by?" She had
kissed him and watched him down the
path in the soft May moonlight, a lit-
tling shivering sigh of the breezes running
through the tops of the evergreens.
Then she ran up-stairs, and cried, and
rocked herself to and fro, and she had
prayed to see her way more clearly—
had agonized in prayer—had risen and
stamped blindly on just the same as if
she had never prayed at all. And then
she had never met again, and never would.
And all the sweet old songs he loved
were out of fashion long ago—dear
"Bonnie Doon" and beautiful "Lo-re-
lei." She felt just now as if her
heart must break, and one quick look
escaped her before she quite remem-
bered where she was. Dropping her
hands, she looked up to find Kate Car-
ney's astonished eyes regarding her in
blank dismay.

"Miss Chesterfield, what is it? Are
you crying for what I said? O Miss
Chesterfield, forgive me! I didn't know;
I was so angry! Don't cry, Miss Ches-
terfield, and I won't say Will came to-
night, nor ever. I'll be good as long as
I possibly can. If you won't, you'll
cry. For the teacher's hands again covered
her face, and her frame quivered with
the overflow of emotion. Making an
effort, Miss Chesterfield soon raised her
head, and, taking Kate's hand between
both her own, said with a faint smile,
"I can't talk to you to-day. I will
come some time, and soon. No, don't
let Will in to-night. But you and Car-
oline and Fanny come to my room, and
I'll persuade Mrs. Doltitude to let us
pass some candy in the kitchen. It is
just the weather for a candy-pull."
Kissed Kate's cheek, she passed out
and to her own room, where to wel-
come her as a thrice-crowned queen
trilled out, "Tell it—tell it—why-yy-y
don't you tell it!"

And she did tell it.
For several days Miss Chesterfield was
confined to her room. She had taken
cold sitting in the hall, and had been
never affected, but so strangely before.
When perfectly still she was comforta-
ble, but when she raised her head, quiver-
ing, sharp pains darted about her brows
and eyes, and the well-known room spun
vaguely out into space. As she had al-
ways declared, Kate Carney had a ten-
der, affectionate heart, and she was
self partially responsible for the teacher's
indisposition, she was indefatigable
in her attentions, studying at the bed-
side, and attending to her slightest
wishes very gently and quietly. Now,
Dr. Parker had allowed her to sit up a
little while yesterday, to be dressed to-
day, and next she might be promised,
hear some of her classes in her room.
Kate Carney had come up from her last
recitation, and Miss Chesterfield had
urged her to take exercise in the bright,
clear January air; but Kate begged so
pitiably to remain that the teacher re-
luctantly consented.

"Now, Miss Chesterfield," began
Kate, with a little half air of defiance,
"you said you would tell me some time
about the dreadful things I said to Caroline
and which you happened to hear. If
you are strong enough I wish you to
tell it to-day. I don't want to have it hang-
ing over my head like somebody's
sword. Uncle Tom talks about it."
The little head tilted back on one
side and glittered with a defiant gleam.
"Tell it—tell it—why-yy-y don't
you tell it!"

"Yes, I will," she answered to both,
bidding Kate draw her chair closer,
and calling her attention to a very
quaint picture of an old-fashioned girl
in an antique case on the book-shelf,
she continued: "Kate, you and I are
friends, I know, and you must not any-
longer think that I cried that day be-
cause you called me a few foolish names.
One who has taught fifteen or twenty
years does not expect to please every-
body. Certain restraints we must place
upon our pupils for their own good
and the mutual benefit of their asso-
ciates. But I must not tire myself by
philosophizing to begin with. I am
going to tell you a love-story."

"A love-story?" O Miss Ches-
terfield! Is it real? Did you know it?"
"Yes, I know it, for I was in it. After
I have told you, you must not speak of
it again. It is just yours and mine to
know. I don't know why I tell you.
Partly because you saw me so undig-
nified as to cry that day, and you know
(smiling) you're a cry-baby! But I
can't tell you all the 'because's,' for I
do not know them myself. Kate, I
want you to believe in me; to believe
me human like yourself; to know that
I sympathize with you in your joys and
sorrows, and would not deny you any
pleasure if you were good for you to have.
When I looked like that picture I met
my hero. As I remember him he was
tall and slight, with large, dark eyes,
black, wavy hair, and very pale. He
was a student, and an industrious
one. He was my brother's friend, and
he was so often at the house informally
that we never thought of love. Books

and study we mutually adored, and
of our mutual love we spoke with the
joy of conquered studies and friendly
interest in each other. And, dear child,
for three years (the brightest I have
ever known) we were daily together
and engaged more or less in the same
pursuits. What could be expected?
We were happiest when together, and
that was all we ever acknowledged,
even to ourselves."

Then the teacher told her story.
There came, first, the separation of dis-
tance; next, misunderstanding and
alienation; the longing of each for recon-
ciliation; the pride that rebelled against
advances, followed by her engagement
to another. Then, by accident, the
removal of the barriers that estranged
them, and neither had been to blame.
How he entreated her to be true to him!
Then came the deciding voice—her
mother's! For some reason the change
had gratified her; and now the prospect
of a return to the first love pained her
inexpressibly. Distressed and bewil-
dered, but obedient and dutiful, after
long deliberation, she refused and gave
to hope and love an eternal farewell.
But that had not been all. He had
gone she knew not where.

"But wherever he went, dear Kate,
my heart went with him, and my heart
is his to-day."

Kate's eyes were filled with tears, as
she softly patted on the pillow, and
asked:
"But the other one! What became
of him?"

"O, he had been a heart caught in
the rebound; he had quarreled with
another. He returned to her."

"And left you? How mean! How
shameful! After all—"

"No, no! Kate, he was right. Our
marriage would have been a bitter, hol-
low mockery. I am happier as it is,
and I believe that Charles Chapin is
true to me to-day somewhere, if he yet
lives. Listen, Kate! After all these
years (and it was long ago) I cried that
day over all this, and not at anything
you said. I am tired now. If you'll
draw the blind to shade my eyes, you
may take down that book of poems and
look at the scanty relics of my past. I
have nothing else left of my story—the
sword of Damocles has fallen, and I
have the feeling of a new world."

Kate did as requested. The book was
a volume of Jean Ingulov's, and be-
tween the leaves that held the lines of
that matches poem, "Divided," were
pressed a love-letter yellow with age,
a leaf from a lemon-tree, a spray of
"bleeding hearts," and a fragment of
an envelope on which was written in a
manly hand, "Amor in hoc spei usque";
also, finely-written in Miss Chesterfield's
most careful penmanship, these stanzas:

ONLY A NAME.
A name, a name, and that was all
that I could give you. I was so young
then (and it was long ago) I cried that
day over all this, and not at anything
you said. I am tired now. If you'll
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From out a dim, vague sense of pain,
An old remembrance bloomed again.
A book of poems, a leaf from a lemon-tree,
A spray of "bleeding hearts," and a fragment
of an envelope on which was written in a
manly hand, "Amor in hoc spei usque";
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most careful penmanship, these stanzas:

and each broken heart had flung a
flower on the coffin.
"Quite poetical, almost tragic—"
began Captain Carney, but he sprang
in all glowing with breathless antici-
pation, and, leaning on tip-toe to kiss Un-
cle Tom, and decorously greeting that
"awfully nice" Mr. Chapin, she said:
"This is the public parlor. Won't you
come into No. 7 where we can be quite
alone? I want to bring down to you
now, right now, my dearest teacher, who
has made me behave so well. You go
so soon to-morrow. She won't talk
cats. Mr. Chapin, if she's an old maid!"
And she hurried them off into a quiet,
obscure little nook in one corner of the
building.

Miss Chesterfield stood at the book-
shelf, her hand resting on the Virgil,
and her face turned dreamily toward
the window, when Kate rushed in and
surprised her with a shower of caresses,
mingled with frantic declarations of
Uncle Tom's hero! Come, come! Down
in No. 7? and carried her off by force
of arms, passing long enough in the
hall to catch up from a table a spray of
"bleeding hearts" and fasten in Miss
Chesterfield's breast-pin, in spite of that
lady's faint protest.

"Not that, dear Kate; anything but
that."
"O, yes! For I want Uncle Tom to
know you have captured some hearts,
if yours and theirs are bleeding."

"Tell it, tell it—why-yy-y don't
tell it," chirped the canary at the win-
dow. The door of No. 7 was flung
grandly open. Miss Chesterfield's name
was announced to Mr. Chapin. Kate
sprang to her uncle's side. The two
looked each other, stunned, bewildered.
He stood for an instant, painfully erect
and motionless. He did not speak her
name, only: "My love!" and, as in a
dream, and took both her trembling
hands in his and pressed them hard
against his bosom.

And she! After the first swift glance
up to those hazy eyes, upon that
face so changed and still the same, she
felt as if the film of lace about her
throat began to choke her; then as if
a great black chasm opened out between
them, and, clinging to each other, the
Fates had flung them headlong down
the fatuous abyss. But at the open
window he found her faintly faint-
ing into a wan and plaintive conscious-
ness, while Kate danced wildly about
Uncle Tom, rapturously exclaiming:

"My novel, Uncle Tom! My novel!
O, don't you see? I've finished it, my
novel!" And, after much explaining,
he did see.—Chicago Tribune.

CARD SHARPERS IN PARIS.
Fondness of the Parisians for Gambling—
The Devises of Unscrupulous Dealers.

If we may judge by the pages of M.
des Perriers the Parisians are restless
and hardened gamblers and ready to
play anything anywhere with anybody.
There are three places where they may
play chiefly—in the real clubs, in the
clubs which are open to almost any one
and which, in fact, exist only that
gambling may be carried on, and in the
illegal gaming houses. Of real clubs
there are not many in Paris and access
is not easy; but there is no end of gam-
bling clubs dignified by some glittering
and loud-sounding title. Strangely
enough there is a greater danger of
being cheated in the former than in the
latter, for in the gambling clubs
there are always a lot of cheats
watching each other and well watched
by the proprietor, who is up to all
their little games, while in the real
clubs, although it would be difficult for
an adventurer to gain admittance, there
is no suspicion and once in, a rascal
might cheat with impunity if he were
cautious and not over-grasping. At
cards or piquet, where he has but one
opponent to deceive, the Greek ought
to be able to win what he likes; but at
baccarat, where he plays against the
whole table, the simple devices of tele-
graph-deposit must be abandoned. M.
des Perriers reveals the secret of the
players who cheat the dealer and the
dealer who cheats the players. By col-
lusion with a card-room attendant, the
dealer may distribute cards carefully
arranged in what the conjuror would
call a chaplet. With a chaplet the
dealer reduces the chances against
him to those expressed in the old
formula, "Heads I win, tails you
lose." A thorough shuffle is a sure
cure for the chaplet; and of
course cutting has no effect. There
are various chaplets known to the in-
itiated. M. des Perriers tells us of a player
who was losing steadily to the dealer
and who suddenly recognized the se-
quence of the cards as they fell on the
table. "Why, that is the Marseilles
chaplet," he cried; "the next card will
be the king of hearts." And the dealer
turned it up and it was the king of
hearts, and then the player proceeded
to declare every card before it was
turned, to the great amusement of the
players, who ceased betting at once.
The feelings of the dealer are not de-
scribed; probably language could not do
them justice.

Another device which an unscrupu-
lous dealer may employ is a survival
from the last century; at least it is
wholly akin to a trick of that time,
in which the snuff-box took the place of
cigarette case. It is of a great sim-
plicity. The dealer provides himself be-
forehand—to use the pleasant phrase-
ology of the old-fashioned hand-
books of conjuring—with a highly pol-
ished silver cigarette case. This he places
on the table before him and immedi-
ately under his left hand as he distributes
the cards. If he has some slight man-
ual dexterity, a quick eye and unflin-
ing self-possession, the reflecting surface of
the silver will keep him fully informed
as to the value of every card before it
leaves his hands, and he may act ac-
cordingly. Self-possession, and indeed
self-confidence, are necessary requisites
of a successful gambler, even when he
is not given to adding chance. Fortune
favors the brave, and gambling is like
swimming in that the first touch of fear
is fatal. Especially must the dealer at
baccarat stand in courage; let him
begin to show the white feather and his
banking funds will speedily take
wings and fly away to feather the nest
of some player of more stomach.—
London Saturday Review.

Lace Dresses.
Gauze and lace dresses have two
waists provided for them, one of which
is of lace or gauze, and the other of
velvet. White and pale pink velvets cor-
sages with white lace skirts are elegant
toilettes for watering-places. Short vel-
vets in such colors as brown, with green
or red with blue is the novelty for dark
complexions worn with light canvas skirts.
The trimming on the skirt is rows of
velvet ribbons sewed on the canvas
flounces before they are pleated. Plaid
and striped velvets and those dotted
with small metallic beads. Heads
of gold or red are worn as jackets with
various light fabrics for skirts.—Har-
per's Bazar.

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